

*Mr. D. G.  
L. May  
C. 1751.*

THE  
BATTLE on the HILL;

O. R.

Pride Mortify'd.  
An OPERA Reviv'd.

As it was Acted

In an ACADEMY in the Year 1303,

*By Young GENTLEMAN*  
*First Edition*

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Printed for the AUTHOR, in the Year, 1751.



# THE HISTORY OF THE WIT AND HUMOUR OF ENGLAND.

## Epistle Dedicatory.

To my good old Captain.

SIR,



S the Bards by long Prescription have claimed a Right to the Protection of Gentlemen of Wit and Humour, so one might range around the Shady Bowers of all the Country, before one could light on so fit a Person as you to defend the few following Pages. The main Scope of the Thing (for I call it nothing else,) is to expose Pride, Covetousness, Hypocrisy, and a few more Evils which you are so notoriously free from, that you have no occasion to read it for Instruction or Caution, but only to divert the Afternoon of some very dull rainy Day, when you are indisposed for serious Business, and enable you to defend your old Cook from the Assaults and Sarcasms of the Tribe of Levi — No man living can think himself aspersed in it; My Subject being a Jew, long since dead, and now rehearsed as it was acted in the Academy in Brussels, in the year 1803.

A 9

Now

## EPIS TLE DEDICATOR Y.

Now as you hate Pride, you also in Course hate Flattery, therefore I shall omit the Elogiums that are due to you for the many Favours you heaped on your old Servant, when I had the Happiness to serve you in the Station of Cook, on board the first Vessel you bravely Commanded. — I have now got a little Brig of my own, and shall be glad to be fitted by you if you think proper.

As to the Method of handling my Subject; according to my Profession, I have Roasted one Part, Broil'd a second, Frigasee'd a third, and lastly, made a Ragoo of the Fragments. If under any of these Dressings I have suited your Palate, sufficiently rewarded is your old Servant

*Wm. Cook.*

The Thing is sent to you, with this Intent,  
That you pronounce its Doom, and I am bent  
To Execute the same, as you would have it,  
Either to throw it in the Flames, or Save it.

SCAG

P R O-

# PROLOGUE.

Spoke by one of the ACTORS.

**T**O save you trouble, learned Criticks, know  
    {Tis only naked truth We mean to Show,  
For both the Subject and the Work is Low.  
The Author is a Cook, none but a Cook,  
Has right to Criticize upon the Book.  
And we are Butchers if we do not All  
Our several Parts, and every thing translat<sup>B</sup>  
Just as it happen'd in those Days of Yore,  
When Mark the Jew, and Mage the Gentile, bore  
The Characters of a Hy—te and W—re,  
Which is four Hundred Years ago and more.  
Wou'd it not be ridiculous to Paint  
A Sinner, just as if he were a Saint;  
Or draw a Woman white as any Limestone,  
When ev'ry body knows she was a Brimstone,  
Mean tho' the Work is, pure was the Design,  
To shew the Man himself, and not to feign,  
Like Mirrour false, which makes a Person trou  
He's handsome, tho' as ugly as a Sow;  
Good was the effect, as well as the Intent,  
For most sincerely did the Jew repent,  
Soon as he saw himself as in a Glass  
Display'd, his Hour of Death did come to Pass,  
And being old, and full of Grief and Years,  
He pour'd out his Life in Floods of Tears.

Per-



## Persons of the Drama.

*Mark, a Jew, intriguing with John's Wife.*

*Ben, Mark's Son.*

*John, a contented Cuckow*

*Several Neighbours.*

*Mary, Speaker of the Synngogue.*

*Racbael, Mark's Wife.*

*Mage, John's Wife.*

*Deborah, Sarah, and Ruth, Mistresses to Ben.*

# THE BATTLE ON THE HILL;

O R,

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

## A C T. I.

SCENE First. Mark's House.

Mark. **H**ONEY Rachel, has any been enquiring for me since I went forth?

Rachel. Only Mage, with a Message from John.

Mark. (aside) In Sadness this is a grievous Disappointment — Why did not the silly Woman tell thee her Message.

Rachel. Dear knows, Honey, They are wiser than I that can tell. And here's been Gelly Pott's Lad, and left this piece of Paper for thee.

(Mark reads) For curing your Son Ben. of a Lues 25*l.* (Aside) I would rather have paid 50*l.* to have kill'd him.

Mark. Verily Rachel, this Youth will bring our grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave, And in Sadness, Honey, if I were not confident of thy Virtue I should not believe that he issued from my Chaste Loins.

Rachel. Pray thee, what means that Word Lues? It

8      *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

It is an Ague, I suppose; for truly the Lad has  
look'd Pale and Wan of late, and has a great sort  
of Phials in his Closet, and three corner'd Pieces  
of Paper about his Chamber.

*Mark.* An Ague! a Pox, Woman! let me see  
one of those Pieces of Paper (*Rachel brings one.*)

(*Mark Reads*) The Mercurial Bolus to be taken  
at Night.—Ay, marry, the Pox sure enough!  
This is all the Fruits of my Pains and Expence  
that I have bestowed on that Prodigal's Education,  
and the wholesome Counsels thou and I have given  
him, and above all, the Chaste and Sober Exam-  
ple we have set him; But I must go forth about my  
lawfull Businels, and do thee retire to thy Me-  
ditations.

*Rachel.* I would counsel thee to pay *Gelly Pott's*  
Bill, least he expose the shamefull Business.

*Mark.* What! part with my Money, Woman!  
I'll part with the Lad and thee both first.

*Mark, Solus.* 'Tis hard to take out of the Flesh  
what's bred in the Bone; but that to my self. I'll  
part with no money. — *Going out, a Beggar Sings.*

*Second SCENE, the Street.*

O! my Charming Money O!

O! my darling Idol Money O!

Let Wife and Child and all Friends go,  
I'll still preserve my Money O.

*Mark.* He's been a wise Poet that made that  
Song — I Say.

*Begg.* Be pleas'd to buy the Song.

*Mark.* I've no Skill of those vain Things; but  
the Words are Gratefull, wilt thou take a Farthing  
for it.

*Begg.* It should be a Half-penny; but I wont  
*Stand*

*The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.* 9

stand with you. (Mark takes it.) and reads as he walks. — I'll still preserve my Money O. — If it was consistent with Religion I wou'd sing it. (smiling.) — meets a Friend.

*Friend.* I perceive thou art pleas'd with that Paper.

*Mark.* (Folding it up.) It is an Advertisement of a Parcel of Cyder come from London.

*Friend.* Aye, that will do, for Lowering Wine.

*Mark.* Hush, Hush, between thee and I, with 30 Gallons of that Cyder, 10 of Alicant, and 20 of English Spirits, my Cooper (For I have no hand myself in Fraud,) will make a Hogshead of as good Port as need be tip'd.

*Friend.* Aye, Aye, every man to his Trade.

*Mark.* Why thou sees it's by this Craft we have our Wealth.

*Friend.* Just so.— *Mark* meets another.

*2d Friend.* How do't do Neighbour? canst thou furnish me with Five or Six Keels, — I want them presently.

*Mark.* I cannot go about it now, having an Appointment with a Lady, an old Customer, with whom I have very considerable Dealings, but To-morrow Morn' I am thy Man. Farewell.

(Leaves them.

*Two Neighbours by themselves.*

*1st.* Let's go and Dog this old Curmudgeon— where he goes to, this Lady, this old Customer, that he has such large dealings with.

*They follow him.*

**SCENE, a Hill.**

*Mark* meets *Mage*.

*Mark.* Now *Mage*? I was sorry, Honey, that I was not at home when thou call'd at my House.

B

*Mage*

10      *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

*Mage.* Did thy Wife tell thee I called.

*Mark.* Wife! Such a mouthful of a Word! I can't bear it, my Affections burn towards thee, Honey.

*Two Neighbours at a Distance.*

Your Servant, old Customer, we shall see considerable Dealings presently, a fine Lady, and a cunning one.

*One Sings.*

*As up the Hill they took their Way,*

*What tender Words he said,*

*His Cheeks to her's be oft did Lay,*

*And with her Bosom played;*

*Till both at length impatient grown,*

*To be more fully bles'd,*

*On yonder Shade, he laid her down.*

*Love only saw the rest.*

*Mark and Mage part.*

*Mark meets the two Neighbours.*

*1st. Neigb.* What all over is a Sweat, Friend  
*Mark.*

*Mark.* I've walk'd my self out of Breath almost,

*2d. Neigb.* Nay we saw you Riding.

*Mark.* Riding!

*1st. Neigb.* Aye! Riding, and upon a two-footed  
Mare; for more certainty I suppose you have put  
her to Grass. Aye! Yonder she is!

*Mark.* Hush! Hush! Neighbour, let's go drink  
a Tankard some where, I want to talk a bit with  
you. (they go smiling.) What past I guess.—(Exeunt.)

*End of the first Act.*

*ACT.*

A C T. II.

S C E N E First. A Tavern.

Mark and two Neighbours sitting, with a Bowl of Punch before them.—Ben in the next Room over bears.

Mark. **M**Y Respects to you both (Drinks.) I protest there are not two in the Parish, that I have such an Esteem and Value for as you two, and would be glad to know wherein I can serve you.

1st Neigb. (Aside.) The Friend wants to Butter a Whiting with us, but he shan't come off so.

(To Mark, 2d Neigb.) Friend, to be free with thee, it is in thy Power to serve us, and thou knows how.—a Word to the wise is sufficient.

Mark. (Aside.) Woe be to the Hill! Little did I think of the fine farthing Song. Now I find I must part with my Money.

Mark, to 1st N. Why, I know that thou oweſt 5 l. to Tom Tavener, and thou (to the Second) 7 l. to Billy Brewer, and there may be ſome other little odd Things.—Come to ſhew my Tendernels to you, here is Ten Guineas a Piece.

Both. What have you brought us here to affront us, tho' we cannot cut the Figure you do, thank our Stars, we can pay our Debts every Day we live, and will let you know that *Ten times Ten* shall not put up this Affront—We want none of your Bribes,

Mark. My dear Friends and Neighbours, surely you would not ruin one that professes ſo great an esteem for you.

12 *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

*1st Neigb.* Profession will not do for me.

*2d Neigb.* Neither for me.

*Mark.* Well Friends, to shew you my esteem, and that I am sincere in my Profession, I was just going to pay away 200*l.* here are the two Notes, take them and welcome, but I hope Neighbours—need I say hope; — I am certain you are Men of more Generosity, than to take Notice of the little Slip I made on the Hill.

*Bosb.* We'll Swear.

*Mark.* Heaven forbid; only give me your hands. (*Sings.*) *Let's be Jovial, &c*

*Enter Ben.*

*Ben.* Gentlemen you are very merry, will you accept of my Company, I Love Musick with all my heart.

*Mark.* Then, I am glad thou art come, I have been paying away some Money, and my Neighbours would needs treat me, and thou seest they are grown merry upon my hand, wilt thou Step home to thy Mother, after thou haft taken one Glass and acquaint her that I am a little engaged, but will be at home very soon.—*Ben.* *Drinks, and exit into the next Room, where he listens.*

*Mark.* Well Neighbours, you know we have all our InfirmitieS, this is the first fall I have had, since I wedded *Rachel*; and no doubt Neighbours, you have had your Failings too, come, let's pass away a little time in talking of our seperate Amours, while we finish our Bowl.

(*Afside.*) *1st Neigb.* Sly enough! by this I perceive he intends to make a Drawback upon us.

*2d.* It's but a dull Subject, let's finish, and call for another Bowl.

*Mark.* I protest to you Neighbours, that I have a great deal of Business to do this Night, but any other time command me.

SCENE Second. A Lady's Chamber.

Enter Ben.

*Ben.* Ladies, your Servant.

*1st Lady* My dear *Ben.* (*Kisses.*) *2d, My Jewel,*  
*3d, My Precious.* (*Kisses.*)

*Ben.* Ah! Hah! &c. I've found out a secret,  
Ladies.

(*Aside Ladies.*) We would not have it any of  
our Secrets.

*1st Lady.* Well, *Ben*, what's the Matter?

*Ben.* My Chaste Father has got a Fall on the  
Hill.

*2d. Lady.* Excuse my Interruption; — I hope,  
he has broke his Neck.

*Ben.* Nay, Nay, He has only incroached a  
little upon his Stock.

*3d. Lady.* Come.—Out with it all together, *Ben.*

*Ben.* Well Ladies, to be plain with you, I hap-  
pen'd to be at the Cross-Keys, and who then  
should come into the next Room where I was,  
(waiting for a Comrade) But the grave Old Man,  
with two Neighbours: I list'ned most attentively,  
and Discovered from their Discourse, That the  
two Neighbours had Caught him on the Hill, in  
the Act of Love, with a Lady: by the bye, they  
have squeezed 200*l.* out of the old One, for hush  
Money.

*Ladies.* Hah! Ha! — I hope, *Ben*, you can  
Spell Opportunity well enough, to make various  
Advantages to yourself on this Occasion.

*Ben.* Leave that to me.

*1st Lady.* O that old Man, to do it so publickly.

*Ben.* Best of all is, He had been muttering a-  
gainst me to my Mother, but just before, saying  
I should bring their grey Hairs to the Grave with  
Sorrow, and all the rest on't, on account of

*Gally*

84      *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

*Gally Pott's Bill*; — Hang thee Deb, thou was the Cause of that.

*Deb.* Not I.

*Ben.* Some of you.

*2d. Lady.* Nor I.

*3d. Lady.* I can swear myself clear, the Rogue has been amonst the Common Hussies, and now wou'd lay the blame upon We.

*Ben.* Come, no more of that, let's be merry.  
(takes Debora on his Knee.) *Deb.* Sings.

*My Ben is a lover Gay, &c.*

*His mind is never Muddy, &c.*

*Ladies.* Now Ben, for your Catch. [Ben. Sings.

*Honest Man John Ochiltree,*

*My poor old John Ochiltree;*

*Wilt thou go up the Hill with me,*

*And do as thou was wont to do.*

Enter Mark, abruptly.

*Mark.* Oh thou Reprobrate! What! no less than three Harlots at Once! I thought I would find thee out some time.

*Ben.* If the old Woman had never been in the Oven herself, she would not have sought for her Daughter there.

*Mark.* What does the Prodigal Rake say?

*Ben.* I am only the Shovel, thou art the Rake; so fast it behoves me to shovel, as thou Rakest.

*Mark.* Thou Squanderer, I'll pinch thee, till thy Skin appears thro' thy Coat. No more of thy Taylors, or *Gally Pott's Bills*; No; let them take the Head for the Washing; And as for you, Harlots, I'll put you into the Hands of the Steeple-house Officers, and you shall beat Hemp, and Tease Oakum, that you shall.

*Deb.* Harlots! We'll make you prove your Words! — Do you know Mr. *Squeeze-bim* the Proctor

Proctor? We'll put you into his Hands; Besides, Sir, we are not other Mens Wives.

Mark. What means the Baggage!

Deb. The two footed Mare for that.— You rode yourself almost out of Breath, did not you?

Sarah. Trot Father, Trot Mother, Why may not the foal Hobble?

Ben. I hope Father, you won't be so ungenerous as to take Notice of the frail Slip I made on the Hill.

Ben. and Ladies. Hah! &c. 200!. Hush money! Hah! &c. — Mark, goes off in a Rage, saying.— Oh these Rogues! rob me and betray me too: Oh had I kept my Money—

Ben. Ladies, farewell; — I'll follow, and see where he goes to.

Ladies Pray do, Ben.

Mark, Solus. Nothing for me, but Catastrophy upon Catastrophy; what shall I do to conceal this Report from Rachel and John? I must e'en connive at Ben's Extravagancy, to get his Assistance, since he has discover'd this Affair; In Sadness this is like to be a troublesome Busines, I wish I could see the Lad.—(Sees him at a distance)—Oh yonder he is.—Hip.—Ben.

Ben. (Comes Sbyly) Well, what do you want?

Mark. What makes thee look so shy upon thy Father? I was not in earnest when I reprimanded thee, Ben; Only was oblig'd to say something before them Hussies: Thou knows, Ben, I always Loved thee, and Indulged thee in all things proper and agreeable; even bearing with thy youthfull Follies; knowing that I myself also am but frail; I cannot deny, but that I have behaved haughtily with many, and thought of myself above what was meet; too little did I consider that Pride goes before Destruction; but Time per-

16      *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

permits not to enlarge on this now; I know, Honey Ben, thou hast Wit at will; Prithee, Lad, think of some Expedient, to quash this threat'ning Reproach; and, before all Things, to keep it from thy Mother.

*Ben.* I will presently. — (*Musing.*)

*Mark.* (*Aside.*) Oh! this dear Lad, he is capable of any thing; there's nothing difficult to this youth.

*Ben.* I have thought on't Father, and it will do; — my Life for it.

*Mark.* Heavens preserve thy Life, my Dear Boy! — pray let me hear.

*Ben.* Only put it into the Power of my Hand to make it up with *John*, and I will undertake to manage the Affair so, that he shall face down the World, and the Devil too, that it was himself that was riding upon his own Mare on the Hill, and what was that to any Body: The Free-men have no claim to the Hill sure, and he shall Swear they were all blind Drunk that were on the Hill.— It was Market-day thou knows.

*Mark.* Ingenious youth! Oh, what a long Head-piece thou hast! But how dost thou think to pacifie *John*?

*Ben.* Thou knows What the wise Man says answers all things; suppose thou should give the Equivalent to what thou gave the two Neighbours.

*Mark.* In Sadness I shall not leave myself a single Piece to rub the Palm of my Hand withall, at this rate.

*Ben.* Nay if thou won't allow the Means, what signifies my Contrivance.

*Mark.* Well, Honey, I leave it all to thy Prudence — (*Gives him a Purse of 200l.*)

*Ben.* But, Father, thou knows the Races are soon coming on, and why may not I have a Brace or two of your Bank-Bills to Sport with.

*Mark*

Mark. Thou shall have what e'er thou will,  
Honey; pray dispatch this Business—[They part]

Mark Sings. Tho' Age do's approach me

And Men do reproach me

And make me the Sport of the Wanton and Gay

Yet this does Comfort me

And always Support me

I still have a Purse to do what I may. [Picks up a Pin]

W<sup>m</sup> sees a Pin and lets it be,

May need a Pin before be die.

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A C T. III. SCENE. Ben and John.

Ben. Come, give us your Toast, (John) do you  
begin.

Ben. Then here's to all Cuckolds, and Cuckold-  
makers, (Both Drink)

John. There are Lyons in the Tower, if my  
Health is not included in the Toast.

Ben. In one sense I am sure it is; for its well  
known, thou hast been a Signer at large that Way.

John. But in the other sense too, have you not  
heard the Report of your Father and our Mage.

Ben. Hear it—Hah! hah! &c. And was you  
such a Noodle as to mind it: I protest it was only  
a Deception of the sight, or the People have  
been Drunk: for to let you into the Secret, I had  
taken a Whim in my Head as thou kno<sup>t</sup>, I have  
often done; And in short, I took Deb. up the  
Hill: Somebody it seems oversaw, and as thou  
knows, wrong Hearing occasions wrong Rehears-  
ing, the Report spread that it was the Old Man  
and Mage, but no Man in his Wits believes it:  
however I have a Scheme in my Head, which will  
prevent the Slander from having any Effect excep<sup>t</sup>  
against the old Man or Mage; who were as in-  
nocent

10 The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.

nocent as — or against Deb and I, guilty tho' we be, and will still bring a good deal of Dust into thy Pocket.

*John.* The truth is, I little regarded the Report: Had it been of any Body else than *Mark* my good old Master, it wou'd have made me look Sharp; But now for this Scheme you talk of? I know you can Plodd.

*Ben.* But it must be intirely between us two.

*John.* There is my hand, by all my hopes, it shall never be reveal'd by me.

*Ben.* And you must act your Part with Spirit and Resolution.

*John* Aye, that I will,—and Soul and Conscience shall not be spared to Compas your generous ends: I believe *Ben*, you know I can swear a point on Occasion.

*Ben.* Come then, a Drink and a Song to mafie our Spirits.

*John.* With all my heart. (*Both Drinke*)

*Ben Sings.* Why shou'd we so idly Save

*Gold and Riches for the Grave?*

*On my Musrrels and my Friend,*

*I my little Store will Spend,*

*Rather than with Labour find*

*Gold, whish I must leave behind.*

*John.* Now, *Ben*, for your Scheme to raise the Dust, for I am not over fond of Labour more than you.

*Ben.* Well, thou must get to all the publick Places, and pour forth Vengeance on all who have attack'd the Honour of Virtuous *Mage*.

*John.* A bright thought! on thee, *Ben*.

*Ben.* Then thou must face it out, that *Mage* and thou happened to be taking a walk on the Hill that very Day.

*John*

John. Good again; but what Day was it?

Ben. The Market-day, Man.—

John Ay, Ay, the Market-day, upon my Sagacity, Well, what next?

Ben. Then, thou must boldly aver that, being in a gay Humour, thou used such Freedom with Mage, as was consistent with the Laws of Matrimony, and Who dares censure that? Mean while, I'll be taking out Actions of Defamation at my Father's Suit, against the most Substantial ones: Who have reported the Story of Mage and him, and they hearing that thou every where avow it was thy Self, and not my Father, will come to compound the Affair; Now John thou shalt have every Penny of the Composition Money —now! How d'ye like the Scheme?

John. Artfull! Ingenious! it cannot fail of Success.

Mark, listening at the Door. Oh this Ben! fertile genius! he's fit to be a Statesman,

Ben. Come, John, good Luck, my Boy, Let's drink and go about our Respective Parts of this Scheme; — I'll pay the Reckoning,

John. I thank you, I'll go directly.— O Rare Project! methinks I have as much Composition Money in View as will Cover the Roof of the Church.— They Part.

Ben alone. I think, I have filled this Fools Brain so full of the Composition Gold, that I may Save the 200 Guineas, I got for him, to my own Use; and if once he gives out that it was he that did the Job on the Hill with Mage, a fig for his Complaints afterwards.

Sings. [in Kain,  
Who to win a Woman's Favour wou'd Solicite long in  
Who to gain a Moment's Pleasure wou'd endure, an  
Age of Pains.]

20. *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

*Idly toying, ne'er enjoying  
Pleas'd with Suing, fond of Ruin  
Made a Matyr of Disdain.—*

II. [Passion warms,  
*Give my Love the beauteous Rover, whom a General  
Fondly pleasing every Lover, frankly proffering all  
Never flying, still complying [ber Charms.  
Glad to ease me, fond to please me  
Circled in her Snowy Arms.*

*Hence with Thoughtfulness and Grief,  
Care can never bring Relief  
I may many Seasons Pass  
With my Mistress and my Glass,  
And as long as Death will stay  
I'll do nothing else but play.*

SCENE, the Street, and Market-Place.

Enter John and several Neighbours.

Neigb. Hah, John! we wish you Joy, honest  
John: we han't seen you in your new Capacity  
before.

John. Hey day! what's the Meaning of all this?  
Neigb. We warrant ye, John will Putt with  
any Bull in the Parish bye and Bye.

John. Explain your selves, good Folks, and  
I shall take you in presently.

A Neigb. John, don't you feel something Hard  
Springing from your Forehead?

John. I take you two Witnesses (and Birds)....  
Scandalum Magnum! Scandalum Magnum! I'll  
seach you what it is to raise Scandalum Magnum.

A Neigb. But John, did you not hear what past  
between Mark and Marge, on the Market-day up  
on the Hill — Sings the Cuckoo Song.

John

The BATTLE on the HILL, &c. 21

John (Bullies and Swears). It's all Slander, and False as the Sun shines at Mid-day upon my Sagacity ; and by all the Windows in the Parish, and may I be scalded with melted Lead if it was not I myself was with Mage on the Hill that very Day ; And who has to do with that ? A man may do what he will with his own ; and the Hill is as free to me as to any of you ; for all you are Stalingers on the Moor, you have no more Right to the Hill than another.— Take that my Boys.

A Neigb. Well done John.

John. I think I had them there how-ever.

Neigb. But John, what Day do you say it was ?

John. The very Day you spoke of, be what Day it will.

Neigb. I said Saturday.

John. Right, Saturday it was.

Neigb. Nay, Man, it was Market-day we mean.

John. Ay, Market-day I mean too, upon my Sagacity.

A Neigb. It would seem, by John's Tongue, his Horns have been Tip'd.

John. I take Witness upon those Words too.— Did You hear what he said ?—

2d Neigb. Hang you ; We'll be no Witnesses for you.

John. Ay, but I can put you upon your *bones* fide with a Subpæna.— d'ye know that.

A Neigb. So, he mutters Law Terms too.

John. To let you know, I have been three times in Durham Goal, I think I ought to know something of the Law ; but I must go to Mr Habe Corpus,— I'll teach you to say Cuckow.— Goes Singing.

If Horns should grow upon my Front

I'll send for a Physician

And see him well, depend upon't,

Out of my Composition.— Miss Bem

John

22      *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

*John.* Ha! — my Master Ben! — I think I have managed rarely for you, and my old Master, both.

*Ben.* Come, let's go in some where, and take a Glass, and then I'll hear.

*John.* With all my heart; I have much need of something; I have had a sore tew with those Rogues. —

S C E N E. *The Tavern.*

*John.* Ah Master! you do not know what I have done for you?

*Ben. (Aside.)* And you do not know what you have done for your self.—Come, *John*, Drink, and then let's hear.—*John Drinks.* —Here's my good old Master's Health in a Bumper.

*Ben.* Well, *John* did you take all upon yourself?

*John.* Ay, inarry did I! and I did so Storm and Swear, and Threaten, that I believe I made some of their Hairs curl.

*Ben.* Drink another Glass, *John*, to the old Health thou knows.

*John.* Hal *Ben*, *Ben*, good blood still I find—here it goes.—Drinks—But *Ben* — any Word about the Compostion Money?

*Ben.* Ay, Ay, I expect my Father presently with Money for the Lawyers.—

*John. (Aside)* Good, I shall be a great Man at last, I believe upon my Sagacity. *Mark Enters.*

*Mark.* How dost do honest *John*. — *Shakes*

[hands with him.]

*John. (Aside.)* He don't use to be so familiar, To serve you in any shape my good Master.

*Mark.* Well *Ben*, what Money must I give thee for these Men of the Law?

*Ben.* I must have Ten Piesen for the Counsel, and Twenty for the Attorney to begin with.

*Mark.*

THE BATTLE ON THE FIELD, ETC. 25

Mark. To begin with! in Sadness, I fear we  
shall have nothing to end with at this Rate.—

[Gives thirty Guineas.]

John. Never mind it, Master, the Slanderers  
must pay for all at last.

Mark. I hope so, John. — Well, honest heart,  
I hear thou did manage them nicely To-day in the  
Market.

John. I wott did I, Master.

Mark. Thou shan't repent it honest John, come,  
I'll drink to thee.

John. Thank you, Master.

Mark. Well, John, I design to give thee a good  
Job, very soon; I have a House to be all new fash'd.

John. Good hearing, Master.  
Mark to Ben. Do this, and I'll drink out this  
Bowl, and then I think it won't be amiss if thou  
take John with thee to the Counsellor, and tell  
him, that he will joyn in the Prosecution against  
the Slanderers; and that will make it look with  
a better Face.

John. A noble thought upon my Sagacity!  
beside, I can speak to him in Terms of Law; —  
I have heard a sort of Dictments read in Court.

Mark. Farewell, honest John, (Going) Verily  
my Substance consumes like Butter before the Sun,

John. Bless his old heart; what a Change there  
is in him! you know Ben, he carried himself so  
lofty and haughty formerly, there was no such  
Thing as speaking to him, but now he's grown  
quite Sociable.

Ben. It's very true, John, and that haughty  
Temper of his is the Reason that every Body  
laughs now at his Gallantry.

John. A meek Disposition is a fine Thing I fees'  
Sure if I were not endowed with it. — I could ne-  
ver put up with Major's saucy carriage to me—

Ben.

24. THE BATTLE ON THE HILL, &c.

Ben. Come, your Glass and your Song, John.

John Drinks and Sings.

No Gods that gave to me a Wife,  
Out of your Grace and Favour, if you please  
To be the Comfort of my Life, &c.  
And I was glad to have her, & I would  
But if your Providence Divine  
Some greater Bliss design her  
To obey your Wills at any Time, &c.  
I'm ready to resign her.

Ben. What are you stir'd of, Mage then?

John. I can't tell — I do not half like to be call'd  
Clockow, and you know there is always some Fire  
where so much Smoke appears.

Ben. But you do not consider the Composition  
Money, Man.

John. Right, Right, upon my Sagacity, let's  
go directly to the Counsellor. [They go.]

SCENE, the Counsellor's Chamber, and by his Easy Chair.

Enter Ben, John, and the Attorney.

Coun. Pray walk in Gentlemen, and sit you down.

Attorney. I have brought two Clients here Sir.—  
[Whispers in his Ear] (Ben pezzent solvere.) — They  
will relate the Case themselves.

Coun. Well, Gentlemen, what is your Affair?

Ben. I want your Advice and Opinion in an  
Affair concerning my Father.— Tip him a Fee.

Coun. Who's the Gentleman's Father? Mr.

Attorney. — Mark, the Jew, in Mumerland, And  
please you Sir Counsellor, as honest a Man as in  
the County, be the to'ther who he will.

Coun. Well, young Gentleman proceed with your story.

Ben. It seems some of our Towns-men have taken upon them to asperse my Father's Character and Reputation in the Neighbourhood.

Coun. Bad indeed!

John. Ay, and all over the Country; —more Shame for them.

Coun. Worse and Worse! Where do they live?

John. In the Parish aforesaid; in MURMERLAND, aforesaid; in the County aforesaid; An't please you, Sir Counsellor.

Attorney. So, so, Friend, let the young Gentleman inform the Counsellor.

John. I beg pardon, Mr. Attorney.—I'm partly concern'd.

Coun. You shall be heard in your Turn; but let the young Gentleman go on.—Well, Sir, be pleas'd to inform me in what Manner they aspersed your Father?

Ben. They gave out in Speeches, as how my Father should have had Criminal Conversation with another Man's Wife.

Coun. Worst of all! Did they express whose Wife?

John. My Wife, an't please you, Sir Counsellor, upon the Hill, aforesaid, and the Market-day above-mentioned.—

Coun. Stop Friend.—Well, go on, Mr. Ben.

Ben. It was this Man's Wife indeed; and they said as how they would prove it.

Coun. Have you Evidence enough to prove the Expressions?

Ben. A great many.

Coun. Good!

Ben. All people of Credit.

12 Jan 1821

D

Coun-

and so

26. *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

Coun. Good again! And are the Defendants in Circumstances to pay Damages and Costs?

Ben. All of them are.

Coun. Best of all!—but I wish you had brought one or two of your Witnesses with you, that Mr. Attorney might take down in Writing what they said; And made them sign it, so as to bind them to abide by it.

Ben. Sir, here's John is one good Witness.

Coun. Well, John, what did you hear them say?

John. They upbraided me with it in the open Street, and sung Cuckoo.—to me.

Coun. Was that all?

John. No, an't please you, Sir Counsellor.

Coun. Mr. Attorney, take this Evidence down from his own Mouth, and let him sign it.

Attorney. Well, John, what shall I write?

John. Write whatsoever you please your self, and I'll put my Name to it.

Attorney. And will you swear it at the Affizes?

John. That's what I will—it's not the first time I have sworn before my Lord Judge and been cross examined by the Counsel too.

Attorney writes, John signs.

Coun. I am of Opinion that this will bear a very good Action, Mr. Attorney; and therefore I'd advise you to send for a London Writ, and let the Parties be served.

Attorney. That I'll do next Post.

Ben. But Counsellor, suppose the Defendants should bring the two Neighbours to swear to what they said they saw.

Coun. Make them Parties Defendants, and then they can't be Evidences.

Ben. Thank you Sir, your Servant.

Coun. Farewell.—Mr. Attorney, Remember when

The BATTLE on the HILL, &c. 27  
when the Cause comes to be try'd that you bring  
me a Brief.

Attorney. Ay, and a good Fee too Sir.

Coun. I know you are my Friend always; God  
be we<sup>r</sup>you.—Why don't you come some Evening  
and Smoke a Pipe with me.

[Ben goes to the Tavern with the Attorney.]

Enter two Neighbours with a Proctor.

Proct. Counsellor, these two good Folks wants  
your Advice.—(To them)—relate your Case to the  
Counsellor, and give him a Fee. (They do.)

A Neigh. Well Sir, it seems we are sore threa-  
tened, by one Mark a Jew in our Town, his  
Lawyer says, as how he won't leave us a Spoon  
to eat our Porridge with, and that he will bring  
Action upon Action against us, If we don't  
make a genteel Composition with him.

Coun. Composition! for what?

Neigh. Only for Declaring the Truth; and  
what we saw with our Eyes.

Coun. Pray what was that?

Neigh. Upon the Market-day we were walking  
on the Hill, and sure enough we did see him and  
John's Wife in the Lawless Action.

Coun. A pretty Fellow indeed! and he threa-  
tens you with his Actions at Law, I suppose, for  
telling of his Actions on the Hill. I'll take Care  
that he shall pay through the Nose for both Acti-  
ons, and you acquitted with Honour.—Make  
no Composition with him.

Proct. How d'ye like that Neighbour!—Give  
the Counsellor another Fee.

Neigh. We'll follow your Counsel Sir.

(Tips him another Fee)

Coun. Mr. Proctor, Take down their Informa-  
tions in Writing, in Order to form the Lybells,

28 *The BATTLE on the HILL, &c.*

and be sure to mention Particularly that they do not make the Information out of Malice or with any view of Benefit to themselves; but purely out of Zeal for the Discipline of the Church.—Then, d'ye mind me; Let the Criminals be both Cited to the Spiritual Court, and the two Neighbours be call'd as Witnesses for the Church and Fiscal; And this will not only give the Satisfaction of bringing them to Penance; but likewise will be the Basis of your Defence at Common Law.

*Neigh.* Oh Wise Counsel!

*The Other.* A learned Counsellor, I declare!

*Prost.* Well, Gentlemen, I shall send you Notice when to Appear.

*Neigh.* Very well.

*Coun.* Your devoted Servant.

SCENE *The Tavern.*

*Ben, John, and the Attorney.*

*Attorney.* Well, Gentlemen, How do you like the Counsellor?

*Ben.* A clever Gentlemen, indeed!

*John.* As ever set his Breast to the Barr upon my Sagacity! — And what do you think of my Evidence good Mr. Attorney?

*Attorney.* 'Tis quite strong, *John*, and good Evidence is the chief Point in Law; — But Mr. Ben, what did you give the Counsellor for his Fee?

*Ben.* Two Pieces,

*Attorney.* Enough for the first time.

*Ben.* But what shall I give You to go on with?

*Attorney.* Ten Guineas, 'till I send for more.—  
[*Ben gives it.*] — (*aside*) I have just saved Eighteen Guineas to myself out of the thirty I had of the Old Man.

*Enter*

Enter Landlord, with a Bottle of Wine.

Land. Servant, Gentlemen; — Here's a Glass  
of as good Wine as ever was tipt.

John. Let's try't first, and we'll take your  
Word afterwards.

Land. O, John! what's brought you here?  
Have you got into Law? — poor John!

John. Poor be your Granny, Landlord; —  
A Man is never poor that is content with his Lot  
— I am content with my Lot — Poor John,  
truly! — Stay 'till I receive my Composition  
Money, and then you'll be fain to call me  
Master John.

Land. Pardon me, Mr. John, I only spoke  
Familiarly, we are old Acquaintance. — Well-a-  
day! what a Crop our Cat has gotten. (aside.)

John Drinks and Sings.

I'll never be poor, while my Wife is a Whore,  
For I am told Fools and Cuckolds are Lucky;  
And since I am both, I'll be very loath,  
To chide you, or yet to rebuke you.

Attorn. I could wish the Defendant would make  
some Proposals for Accommodating the Affair;  
You'll get much more by a Composition than by  
a Tryal; For Juries seldom give any Damages  
worth mentioning in such Cases, especially where  
the Plaintiff is a Jew.

John. Ay, Ay, commend me to a Composition  
for my Money.

Two Neighbours peep in.

Land. Pray walk in Gentlemen, — there's room  
enough at yonder Table. (They walk in.)

John. Gentlemen, you had better compound  
this

30      1800 D A T 14 2 4 9 18 11 4 1 19  
this Affair with us; Otherwise you'll be put in  
a stronger House than ever your Fathers built,  
a-fore'tis long, —Mind my Words, upon my  
Sagacity!

Neigb. Indeed, sagacious John, We'll com-  
pound none with you, we have as good Counsel as  
you have.—We are Witnesses for the Church  
and the Fiscal.

Ben. I think the Counsellor told us, they could  
not be Witnesses if they were made Defendants.

Attorney. That's at Common Law: But they  
may be Witnesses for Church and Fiscal,

John. Damn you Laws.—There are so many  
Quirks and Quibbles in them; a Man never knows  
whether he be sinking or swimming that's in  
Law.—I am afraid I have a cold Coal to blow for  
my Composition Money, at this Rate.

Ben. There's no help for it. Drinks and Sings.

A Lawyer will stretch out his Suit by Degrees,  
An immoderate length for the sake of his Fees,  
But a Taylor will clip it as Short as you Please.  
Which no body can Deny, &c.

Attorney. Gentlemen I must leave you. — Fare-  
well.

John. Your Servant; — you B—h and  
ten Guineas at your Tail.

Attorney. Let me speak with you here John.  
(John goes to the Door.)

Attorney. John, I tell you what; If you should  
prove distinctly the Fact between Mark and your  
Wife, You'll be entitled to receive Swimming Da-  
mages from Mark.—But that's between you and I.

John. Thank you for that Sir.—I was just  
saying to Ben, what a smart Lawyer you are.—

Your Servant, John.

John

John. Come Ben, let's go; — your Father will be impatient to hear.

Ben. To hear that we have done nothing for his Purpose!

John. Nor to my Purpose either, Ben — you see I'm like to get no Composition Money — But, (aside) I have another string to my Bow. — Come, Ben, 'tis an ill Wind that blows no Body Profit.

[They go.]

SCENE, The Synagogue full, and Mark ~~wildly~~.

Mary Speaks.

It was Livingly, and Powerfully, and Suddenly opened upon my Mind, and I have ~~also~~ for some Time, — O! — pondered, Considered, and Meditated — O! — upon the Follies and Vices of this World. — O! — And verily, I find it is no other than a Limbo of Vanity, in which you see, the Pride of Women and Philosophers — O! — The Modesty of Men of Sense, and the Impudence of Fools — O! — The Hopes of Projectors, Lovers, and Conquerors — O! — Hum—m—m! The Doating love of old Men and Women — O! — The Credulity and Foppery of the Superstitious, who hath a Form of Godliness but wants the Power — O! — Hum—m—m. The Anxieties and Cares of the Jealous; The Penury of the Covetous, and their Sons Prodigality. — O! — The Revenge of the Angry and Litigious how duly it is rewarded — O! — Hum—m—m. And it came to pass while I was thus Meditating, Pondering, and Considering more and more upon the Vanities of the Times, — O! — Hum—m—m. The Spirit came Livingly, and Powerfully upon me, and

and I heard a Voice; as it were, Saying, *Mary* Arise quickly, go into the Synagogue, and lift up thy Voice like a Trumpet amongst the Sons of Zion, Saying, Verily there is a Serpent among you; Even you, O House of Zion! And you want the true Light to discover it; But, behold I say unto you, If he does not quickly confess and repent, He shall fall into the Hands of the Scribes and Pharisees; For he is of the Tribe of the Pharisees;—And it further livingly, and powerfully, opened upon me, That while thou art thus speaking, a Man shall tremble before thee;—And it was further opened,—Then shalt thou say unto him, Art thou the Man?

(*Mark Trembles at these Words.*)

*Mary.* *Mark,* I perceive thou trembles; I advise thee therefore to pour out thy Wine of Truth before us, least thou be consumed with the Coals of thine Impenitency.

*Mark.* Verily, Brethren, I am falsely accused, and my Accusers are profane Men, and belong not to the House Zion, and therefore cannot be heard according to our Principles; Moreover these wicked Ones have exercised their Art of Electricity upon my Body, and that is it which makes me to tremble.

*Mary.* That is true; and if thou will not confess to us thy self, and as none of the Brethern ariseth to accuse thee, We will not give Ear to the profane Men of the World; But if thou art guilty, and deniest the Truth, Thou shalt surely fall into the Hands of the Scribes and Pharisees, According as it came Livingly, and Powerfully, and Suddenly upon me.—Go thy ways for this time.

*Mark goes, meets Ben and John.*

*Mark.*

Mark. Welcome both! let's go and be Merry—  
I have got clear of the Synagogue! [They go]

SCENE, A Tavern.

Mark. My Cares are over—Ben. Honey! My  
Cares are over Honest John! And here is Musick,  
—Methinks I could Dance for Joy.

John. Pray do my good Master; You are as  
properly made for Dancing as the Dancing-Master  
of our Town.

Mark. I'll try—Musick Play up—[Plays  
*Tail Toddle*] Mark Dances comically with his  
Hands on his Thighs.

Enter Apparitor.

Appar. Is Mr. Mark here?

Mark. I am he; come in Friend—Art thou  
com'd to be merry with us?

Appar. Here is a Citation and Monition for  
you to appear at the Spiritual Court, at the Suit  
of the Fiscal for the Church.

Mark. Behold my Joy is suddenly turned into  
Mourning! Ah! for my Vanity!—I pray Friend  
how long will it be before I may get clear?—  
I mean how long may the Cause last?

Appar. Only your own Life-time. It cannot  
affect your Heirs.

Mark. Oh thy Vanity! Oh my Pride! Oh my  
Folly! [weeps bitterly.]

The Curtain falls.

Bay's the Author, and a Gentleman on the Stage.

Gent. This is something very odd, Mr. Bay's,  
to conclude your Opera like a Tragedy, and  
leave your Hero weeping.

Bays. I'll rectify that presently.—Players, call out—*Sufficient Bail.*

*All call; Bail, Bail, Sufficient Bail.*

Gent. There is another Thing I find Fault with ;  
(I speak as a Friend) you have not made up your  
Hogshead of Port by three Gallons.

Bays. That's true ;—Then we will add three  
Gallons of Cherry Juice.

Gent. Now you have compleated the Work.—  
Pray Print it.



F I N I S.

## E P I L O G U E.

I Have often heard from my old, Father's Mouth,  
When I was but a very Slender Youth ;  
My Son remember when in height of Joy  
The Gods make mad whom they mean to Destroy.  
Next guard against that odious Passion, Pride,  
Which Brutify's our Minds, 'till Mortify'd,  
And makes our Friends our Enemies beside.  
Be Humble, Temperate, Affable, and Just ;  
And to pure Love be Subject, Not to Lust ;  
Thus you'll have Honour, 'till you go to Dust.  
While baughty Persons will be forced to Lay  
Their Hairs in Grave, with Sorrow, when they're Gray  
And if your Mind is e're Intent on Ill,  
Then think upon the Battle on the Hill :  
Consider this, and to Remembrance call,  
Sooner, or later, PRIDE will have a Fall.



# LOGIC

